DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XLI. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1912. NUMBER 45

Published every week.
$1.00, a year in advance

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y. as second class matter.

How To Qualify.

To live the life my father taught;
Of honor, dignity and length;
To do the little things I ought;
To know but not to show my strength.

To make and keep a friend or two,
And show a kindness every day;
To do the work I have to do,
And do it in a goodly way.

To earn so much as I may need
For my own wants and little more,
To win, perhaps, a cheering meed
From her whose praise I labor for.

To do no hurt by thoughtless speech,
By careless, cruel look or act;
To learn from whomsoe'er may teach
The kindly courtesy of tact.

These, the ideals to approach,
These be the lessons I must scan,
That I may bear without reproach,
That grand old name of Gentleman.

—*Life.*

RENTING THE TOWER OF BABEL

The young man stepped into the offices of the National Realty Company with confident stride and, disregarding a sleek office youth waiting to announce callers, leaned over the railing, handing a neat card to the man in charge of a score of stenographers in the outer office.

"I want to see Mr. Rogers," he said in a matter-of-fact tone.

The clerk looked up. "Mr. Rogers is very busy;" he added "sir," as the caller frowned.

"So am I," snapped the young man, knowing the efficacy of bluff.

"Does he know you?" asked the clerk.

"He ought to," the reply struck a note of assurance which made the clerk rise to his feet instinctively and finger the card thoughtfully.

"What do you want to see Mr. Rogers about?"

"Business."

The reply was so curt that the clerk turned as though obeying imperative orders and took the card personally into Rogers' inner office.

Rogers, irritable, energetic financier, controlling twelve millions in New York real estate, was a man whose minutes were worth money.

"I never heard of Henry P. Turner," he said, reading from the card.

"He said you should have," answered the messenger.

"What does he want to see me about?"

"Business."

Rogers hesitated. "Well, that's what I'm here for," he snapped. "Show him in."

Turner stepped briskly into the office and pulled up a chair beside the financier, who smiled inwardly at the young man's cool manner.

Before Rogers could snap "Well!" in a tone calculated to strike terror to the soul of the uninitiated, Turner leaned forward and said pleasantly, "Mr. Rogers, I want work. I can do anything."

Mr. Rogers sat up stiffly and smoothed his palm across his mahogany desk.

"Well, why don't you then?" he queried coldly.

"Why don't I what?"

"Do anything," replied Mr. Rogers with another inward smile.

"Because you haven't told me yet what you want done. I know real estate, I've been in business for myself; I know advertising, I've put a year at that, too. I want the hardest job you have. I'm a Specialist in the Impossible; I'll give you my services at my risk; I need to be connected with your firm."

"But supposing the firm doesn't have the same longing?" queried Rogers, less coldly, for the reputation of the firm had been built on his efforts alone.

"But you do need me. I can prove it. Give me the hardest job you have and I'll tackle it, and if brains will beat it the problem will bother you no more."

"Just a minute," said Rogers as the telephone bell buzzed; he picked up the receiver and eyed Turner calmly as he cried, "Hello, hello," into the 'phone. Turner calmly and unobtrusively returned the scrutiny.

"Yes," said Rogers over the 'phone. "No, no, we won't lower the rents. Can't! That all. If you can't get good people don't get any."

He rubbed his palm on the mahogany again while listening and then burst out: "Well, Simpson, you aren't the first man to fall down on that job. If you can't get the people and make the house pay twelve thousand, give it up. That's all."

After listening to another voluble explanation over the wire, Rogers cried: "Well, well, if you can't make a go of it come in and see Stewart, he'll give you your commissions. That's all. Good-bye."

Rogers banged up the receiver and stared at Turner. "The same to you," he said snappishly. "I'm busy. That's all Good-day."

Turner thrust out his jaw determinedly. "But it's not enough, Mr. Rogers," he said. "Your conversation just now proves that you need me. If that's an apartment renting proposition I'll make the building pay *eighteen thousand.*"

"Your conversational powers are good, but that's as boastful as your 'I can do anything' slogan. Words are cheap, Mr. Turner, the Government will mail you a sixty-thousand-word speech for nothing, and it's worth it." "That's hardly fair," said Turner critically. "I want to be connected with your firm. You need men, you need one now to take the place of that fellow on the 'phone. Put me in there for a week at a salary of one dollar, if we don't make a mutual contract at the end of that time."

Rogers leaned back in his chair and measured the young man again, mechanically smoothing the mahogany arm of his chair. He smiled inwardly, then slowly, stiffly, allowed the smile to expand to his conservative features.

"I'll agree to that," he said measuredly, "if you'll agree to work ten hours a day, six days, for the dollar."

"I'll take the dollar if I can't prove my six days worth at least a hundred. I can work twenty-four hours a day when it's necessary."

"I think it will take you at least twenty-five a day to show results on this proposition," answered Mr. Rogers with both an inward and outward chuckle. "My best men, four of them, and three cock-sure outsiders, of which this Simpson who was phoning is one, have tackled the job of renting the Marlbone."

He drew a writing leaf from his desk and placed a scratch pad precisely on it.

Making a triangle with a soft lead pencil he began, illustrating each point with a heavy line.

"Let me show you what you're up against. Here is the Marlbone, a flatiron-shaped building with all three faces on streets. Now at the peak of these two long sides are situated our best apartments, eight and nine rooms that used to bring from twelve to sixteen hundred a year. We can't rent them to-day for eight hundred." He paused and looked speculatively at Turner.

"Is the up-keep of the building the same?" inquired Turner.

"Precisely. We have large rooms, well appointed, nothing much better in that part of the city, and it is a very convenient location, but—" he drew a heavy line down the two longest sides, "it is too convenient. A little over a year after we put up the Marlbone the elevated line saw fit to extend its tracks in our direction. We fought them and lost, and a public park being in the way, they had to turn sharp at our corner here, ruining the apartments on account of the everlasting screech of the wheels making that curve at the peak of the house here. It's as noisy as a boiler shop; to make himself heard from one room to another a man would have to use a megaphone."

Turner leaned over the diagram and pointed to the short third side which was not touched by the elevated. "How abont the rooms here?" he asked.

"They are mostly kitchens, bath rooms and maids' rooms, which people don't care to live in, and besides there is a street car line running there, as well as all the way around beneath the elevated. It's noisier than the most riotous corner at Coney, and besides the traction lines an auto'bus route runs past the side facing the park." Having drawn in the lines Rogers leaned back and pushed the diagram toward Turner. "Now possibly you can see why Simpson was discouraged."

Turner took the paper and folded it neatly, tucking it into his breast pocket and rising. "I'll report progress to you in two or three days. The situation is certainly complex."

"Worse than that," growled Rogers. "It is impossible. I don't know what we can do with it. We have tried letting the apartment to poor tenants, but even they couldn't stand the noise, it spite of the location and concessions in price. The building is empty at present, except for the janitor who is a Swiss yodler and lives in the basement, and a family of cornet players who have been driven from every apartment house in town."

"I have the right to make leases on the place for your company then?" asked Turner, putting on his hat energetically and rising, having spied a sign, "Five minutes is long enough for any conversation," above Rogers' desk.

"Yes, go down and see Simpson, tell him you're the new agent for a week at one dollar, ask him for the chart and keys. I'll have Stewart 'phone him. Good luck!" Again Mr. Rogers smiled inteirally and externally and when Turner had left he even laughed.

The next day he was called west on a business trip and forgot all his troubles, including the Marlbone, in making a large sale if Manhattan realty.

The trip took a week, and on his return his desk was piled high with correspondence. In the midst of energetic radiations of business from his desk, Mr. Rogers was interrupted by a boy bearing a card. "Henry P. Turner," read the financier. "I never heard of him. What does he want to see me about?" replied the boy.

"Oh, wait a minute. I know. That's my dollar a week agent. Tell him I'm very busy. Have him report to Mr. Stewart."

The boy left, but was back before Mr. Rogers had signed three letters.

"If you please, sir, Mr. Turner says he'd like for you to give him another apartment house to work on." "Failed, eh!" Mr. Rogers smiled inwardly.

"No. He says he's rented the building all up and wants some more work."

"Rented the Marlbone! That Tower of Babel!" cried Mr. Rogers dazedly.

"That's what he says."

"Show him in," cried the financier with a click of his jaws.

The door opened and in walked Henry P. Turner, unannounced except for a confident smile.

"I know you're busy," he said, clearing his throat.

"I won't take but a minute. Please give me your next hardest proposition. I'm through with the Marlbone."

"Through with it; well, have you rented anything?"

"Yes, everything but the room in the cupola and I've got an artist who says he'll take that for a studio at a thousand a year if we'll put in a sky-light." "Rented everything in the Marlbone! What do you mean, young man?" said Mr. Rogers with deliberation, pushing back his chair and placing his restless hands on his knees, rubbing his trousers in mistake for the mahogany.

"It wasn't very difficult. I told you I could do it. Give me another house, something shut in by skyscrapers on all sides, and I'll try the asylums for the blind and see if I can't fill it up with blind folks who won't care. You remember I said I was a Specialist in the Impossible."

"What do you mean. Who'd you rent those Marlbone apartments to; poor folks who didn't care about noise at half rents?"

"No. I rented 'em to deaf folks who can't hear any noise, and at full rents."

Mr. Rogers slumped down in his chair, rubbing the mahogany arms excitedly.

"How'd you get the deaf people interested?"

"Hired a man who talked sign language, took him along as interpreter, visited all his deaf friends, the deaf asylums and organizations, got the address of most of the stone deaf people in New York and put my proposition to them presonally, through him. There wasn't one of them who didn't see that they were getting great values at half price. You ought to have seen the smiles and gesticulations of approval when they went through the house. One of them told the interpreter on his fingers that it was just the place he'd been looking for years. His wife, deaf and dumb, too, had been just longing for a place where there was something doing, and you can find her any afternoon now sitting in the big room at the peak of the Marlbone looking out with a contented smile at the elevated cars as they go screeching around her corner."

"Say, you're not half bad!" cried Rogers, shaking hands enthusiastically with Turner. "I've got another job for you right away. I've got twenty apartments eight flights up, walk up, in a loft building; if you can fill them I'll give you half the rentals."

"Sure, easiest thing you know," said Turner, making a note of it. "I just read in the paper this morning of a lot of immigrants coming from Switzerland to settle in New York. I only wish you had forty of these apartments. They'll be in great demand."

"Why, this bunch comes from the top of a mountain in Lucerne. They're all mountain climbers, used to the heights, and if you drop down some day next week you'll probably find a few families of them racing each other up and down the eight flights ten times apiece to get up an appetite for breakfast.'—*Carlton Brown in American Sunday Magazine.*

MINDING YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

If everyone would but mind his own business and try to straighten out his own affairs instead of spending time in solving others' problems, the world would be better for the change.

Many people's energy is spent living others lives for them, deciding questions which do not concern themselves and criticizing the way others do things. This generosity is certainly uncalled for, and this same expenditure of energy could be turned to better account solving problems of their own or arranging their own lives more successfully.

When this living other people's lives for them comes to the point of giving advice without it being asked for, it becomes unwarranted interference.

What right has an individual to intrude ideas and give advice to another person when that person does not wish for it? More harm has been done in this world by people "butting in" in other's affairs, even when it is done with the best intentions, than in any other one way.

GOOD OR BAD INTENTIONS.

But very often, it is not with the best intentions that we do interfere with another, although we may fool ourslves with the thought that it is. We are apt to think that our desire is a pure one, one that seeks only to be of help. We see another in difficulty and tell ourselves that we would like to help them out and so go a head, either giving advice, or worse still, talking about the matter to other people, or attempting to straighten out the trouble with a third person without even asking the one who is chiefly concerned for permission to do so. All the time if we were only honest enough will ourselves to sift to the bottom the so-called desire to help, of which we are so proud, we would find that it was nothing but the old, human frailty of tending to other people's business when we ought to be strictly tending to our own.

This doesn't mean that we should not help others when they want us to do so. There is the whole thing in a nutsheel—when they want us to do so; but we must remember that we have no earthly right to interfere unless they do want us.

And it is better to err upon the side of non-interference than on the other side. It is hard not to put our finger in the pie, for it has always been easier to arrange other people's affairs than our own. Yet, it is just those few individuals who are strong enough to conquer that feelings and who go about minding their own business and letting others mind theirs that stand above the rank and file of the average person.

THE MEDDLER

Certainly any woman who gets the reputation for interfering and meddling in others' affairs is not one who will be wanted around a business office. One of the first lessons to be learned if you are to be a success in life and in business is not to give advice until it is asked for and not to meddle in others' affairs.

If one has a sincere desire to be of help to others the opportunity will come without having to look for it. Advice will be sought after, aid will be asked. Then and then alone has one the right to step forward and try to do their best to be of real service. Anything else is simply unwarranted intrusion in another's life, and the desire to do this should be destroyed the second it makes itself apparent and not be given a chance to live and grow.

Only in this way can one pass from the rank of busybodies into the company of the capable and able workers and helpers of the world.

Young Financeir.

It appears that there is more or less humbug about the traditional slowness of the messenger, the fabulous laziness of the office boy—and all that sort of stuff. At any rate, there is a young fellow in Cleveland who may be said to be abreast of the age in which he lives. He works in a downtown office building, and has a rapidly growing account in a savings bank.

The other day our young hero went to his bank to make a deposit of 50 cents. The teller, with more than his customary haughtiness, informed the boy that the bank would not receive deposits of less than $1. The kid didn't waste any time arguing about it. He walked over to the desk, wrote a check for $1 and presented it the teller's window. It was honored, of course.

Then the little financier said:

"I wish to deposit $1.50."

And that deposit was accepted. The teller ground his teeth.

Haec fabula docet—that you can deposit a cent if you have an account.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THE CZAR'S WATCH

There is in the possession of the Czar a very remarkable watch. It was made by a Polish mechanic named Jules Curron. The Czar had heard some wonderful tales of about the inventive ability of this man, and wishing, personally to test his skill, he sent him a parcel containing a few copper nails, some wood chippings, a piece of broken glass, an o'd cracked china cup, some wire, and a few cribbage board pegs. Accompanying this was a command to make them into a timepiece. Within a remarkably short time the Czar received them back in the shape of a watch. The case was made of china, and the works of the other odds and ends. So pleased and astonished was the Czar that he sent for the man and conferred several distinctions upon him. —*Tit-Bits.*

Southern Dioceses.

Rev. O. J. Whildin, *General Missionary*
W. 1436 Lanvale St., Baltimore, Md.

Principal Mission Stations.

Baltimore—Grace Chapel, Park Ave. and Monument St. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 3:00 P.M.

Washington, D. C.—St. Barnabas Mission, Church of the Good Shepherd, 6th and I St., N. E., Rev. H. C. Merrill, Assistant. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 11 A.M.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Elizabeth's Church for the Deaf, Mr. J. C. Bremer, Lay reader. Services every Sunday, 3 P.M.

Durham, N. C.—St. Philip's Church, Bible Class meetings, every Sunday, 9:30 A.M., Miss Robina Tillinghast, Parish Visior. Services, every Sunday, 3 P.M. Mr. Roma Fortune, Lay-Reader.

New Orleans, La.—St. Paul's Church, Camp and Galnne Streets, Mr. H. L. Tracy, Lay-reader. Services monthly.

The General Missionary visits the above and numerous other stations in the South upon such occasions as are appointed and locally made known. The Missionary will be glad to confer with any one desiring to assist in the work of the Mission.

St. Thomas Mission, St. Louis.

Christ Cathedral Chapel, 13 and Locust Sts.

Rev. J. H. Cloud, *Minister* 2606 Virginia Avenue.
Mr. Arthur O. Steidmann, Lay Reader.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Sunday School at 10 A.M.
Week-day meetings at 8 P.M., on first and third Fridays and fourth Wednesday, in the Parish House.

National Association of the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

President	*Secretary*	*Treasurer*
Olof Hanson, Wash.	O. H. Regensburg, Cal.	S. M. Freeman Cave Spring Ga

Vice-Presidents,
Anton Schroeder, Minn. Mrs. J. S. Long, Iowa
Mrs. J. F. Meagher, Wash. O. G. Carrell, Texas.

Executive Committee:
Olof Hanson, Washington, *Ex-Officio* Chairman

S. M. Freeman, Georgia
Thomas Francis Fox, New York
Waldo H. Rothert, Nebraska
B. Randall Allabough, Pennsylvania
Frank P. Gibson, Illinois
Arthur L. Roberts, Kansas
Harley D. Drake, Ohio
J. O. Relchle, Oregon

[OFFICIAL.]

THE HARTFORD MONUMENT.

The committee on raising funds for the repair of the Gallaudet monument at Hartford, consisting of Dr. T. F. Fox, Chairman, Station M, New York City, Dr. J. B. Hotchkiss and Mr. Harley D. Drake, of Kendall Green, Washington, D. C., has issued and is sending out the following circular letter:

Dear Sir or Dear Madam:—

You know, doubtless, that the monument of marble erected in 1854 BY THE DEAF PEOPLE OF THIS COUNTRY on the grounds of the American School at Hartford, Ct., in grateful memory of their benefactor, Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, is now very much in need of repair. Some even think that the whole structure will have to be taken apart, down to the granite foundation, and rebuilt, and that this must be done soon, if we would save some of the sculptures from irreparable injury.

The President of the National Association of the Deaf, Mr. Olof Hanson, has, therefore, authorized us to arrange for raising funds for these repairs to this monument. It is his plan to secure the sum needed on the coming anniversary of Rev. Mr. Gallaudet's birth, the 10th of December, by concerted action of THE DEAF PEOPLE or the whole country.

Knowing you to be a public-spirited and influential member of our silent brotherhood, we appeal to you for help. We would feel the shame that would be ours were we to allow the Monument to remain long in its present condition, and we hope that you will make every effort to rouse the deaf people of your community to contribute liberally to its repair. Talk the matter over with them, and get them to organize and appoint one of your members to act as general supervisor and treasurer, with as large a corps of solicitors as are needed to thoroughly canvas your locality.

It is the purpose of the President of the National Association to raise in one day (the 10th of December) the entire sum needed. It should, therefore, be the purpose of the solicitors to secure as many pledges as possible before the 10th of December, but take in the money only on the 10th. To make the collection easy, you should arrange for some gathering on the evening of the 10th of December, at which subscribers shall understand that they will be expected to redeem their pledges. The solicitors can afterwards gather the pledges of subscribers who do not attend the meeting.

By thus practically raising the whole sum needed for the repairs in one day we will, it is thought, make a much greater and more favorable impression of the liveliness of our gratitude.

Do not delay, the time is short; go to work at once and arouse your community to action. When the proper officials are appointed, have them communicate with us, and we will give such aid as we can. All legitimate expenses incurred in organizing and collecting will be borne by the Fund.

Yours fraternally,
Thomas F. Fox,
Harley D. Drake,
John B. Hotchkiss,
Committee.

Advertisement in New York Directory.

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 15, 1912.

Mr. O. Hanson, *Pres. N. A. D.*

Dear Sir:—I had the following advertisement inserted in the New York Charities Directory for 1913 without charge:

"National Association of the Deaf (Organized 1880; incorporated 1900) next National Convention in Cleveland, Ohio, 1913, endeavors to secure by legislation and other work all rights of the normal citizen for the deaf. It advocates the "Combined System," a combination of signs, speech, writing and spelling, in the education of the deaf children; and aims to educate the public that the deaf do not beg, and those who do are impostors who should be promptly arrested and punished. O. Hanson, President, Seattle, Wash.; O. H. Regensburg, Secretary, Box 23, Los Angeles, Cal.

The publishers say that this directory (1000 pages) is "an authoritative, classified and descriptive reference book of the social, civic, charitable and religious sources of Greater New York, including those institutions without the city that draw from it the greater number of beneficiaries, and such national organizations as are brought within its scope by the nature of their aims and activities." The 1913 edition will be the 22d.

Very truly yours,
Oscar H. Regensburg,
Secretary.

CONTRACT FOR PRINTING PROCEEDINGS.

The contract for printing the proceedings of the Colorado Springs Convention has been let to Mr. Norman V. Lewis, of Los Angeles, Cal., and calls for completing the work within three months.

Olof Hanson.

Seattle, Oct. 21, 1912.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday, 3 P.M.
November 28th, Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 A.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday, 3 P. M.
November 24th Holy Communion.

November 10th.

St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, 10:30 A.M.
Gallaudet Home 10:30 A.M., Holy Communion.

November 17th.

Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M. Holy Communion.

November 24th.

St. John's Church, Stamford, Ct., 9:30 A.M. Holy Communion.
Gallaudet Home, 10:30 A.M.

Evangelical Alliance Services for the Deaf.

(*Interdenominational*)

Boston.

Services every Sunday, at 10:45 A.M., First United Presbyterian Church, Cor. W. Brookline St. and Warren Ave., Boston (Roxbury Crossing, or Columbus Ave. cars from Subway, or Dudley St. Elevated, to Brookline St.)

Salem.

Services at First Baptist Church, Salem, Mass., Second, Third, and Fourth Sundays. each month, excepting July and August, 2:15 P.M.

New England Cities.

Services in Worcester, Nashua, Providence and other New England cities, by appointments.

To these services all are welcome.

E. Clayton Wyand,
Evangelical Alliance Minister in charge.
Residence:
Winchester Sta., Boston.

LUTHERAN MISSION FOR THE DEAF.

Services in the sign language, every Sunday, at 3 P.M., in St. Matthew's Lutheran Church, cor. Elizabeth and Broome Streets, New York City.

Arthur Boll.
Pastor.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 7, 1912.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, *Editor.*

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Ave.) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year - - $1.00

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.
Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

HOWARD L. TERRY has achieved success in the most difficult line of work—literature. His last and most painstaking effort, a novel, is now running in the magazine section of the *Ohio Farmer*, published at Cleveland, Ohio, and this paper is the first and only journal the MS. was submitted to, in others words, accepted without having to go the rounds of a dozen or more publishers, and the placing of the novel was Mr. Terry's own work, nor was he known in any way to the editors of the paper. He had written a story of absorbing interest on a subject just now being greatly agitated in rural life—co-operation among the farmers—and the story was eagerly taken, and a high price paid for it.

Mr. Terry gathered the material for his novel while living the life of a farmer in the Ozarks, and the writing of the manuscript began shortly after he left his farm and moved to Carthage, Mo. Three years have passed since the beginning and the finishing of the work, which was accomplished only by the hardest efforts.

"To read a novel," says Mr. Terry, "and to write one, are matters far different, and even though you may be a born story teller, the writing, revising, and final polishing, test you to the limit. Then there is the marketing of the manuscript, a thing in itself sufficient to discourage the average person. No book is worth writing unless its author be actuated by a sincere desire for uplift, and in this work I have striven to present the lot of the farmer in a true light, to encourage him to greater effort in battling against trusts and capital. I have also woven into the story a very unique character—a deaf youth—and I trust that in so doing the hearing worldwill get a better opinion of the deaf, and understand them better."

The story will undoubtedly come out in book form later on. The installments in the *Ohio Farmer* are being illustrated by a well-known Cleveland artist, whose work has appeared in our best known magazines.

Mr. Terry is living in Santa Monica, Calif., an aristocratic old town overlooking the Pacific, and walled in on the north by mountains. He made a fine investment in two lots, the price of which has almost doubled since he bought them less then two years ago, and the handsome and roomy bungalow he built is his own designing.

Mr. Terry is thirty-five years old. He was born in St. Louis, Mo., January 4th, 1877, and evinced a talent for literature at an early age. He lost his hearing at the age of eleven, and has suffered with eye strain all his life. He married Miss Alice Taylor, Gallaudet, '01, and has three children. His speech is almost normal. He is not a good sign maker, and resorts to the alphabet almost entirely in conversing with the deaf.

Mr. W. O. Connor Honored

Prof. W. O. Connor has been recently appointed Commander of the North Georgia Brigade of the United Confederate Veterans, with the rank of Brigadier General. This is an honor worthily bestowed and will be worthily worn, for Georgia holds no more enthusiastic nor loyal confederate than General Connor, and the honor comes to him unsought and unsolicited, as he believe these honors should always come.

General Connor resigned his position as a teacher in the Georgia School for the Deaf in May, 1861, and went to the front with the Cherokee artillery, of Rome, Georgia, afterwards Corput's Battery.

With this battery he served four years, or until the close of the war, first as a private and then as a gunner, who ranks as Corporal, and who holds one of the most important positions in a battery. He declined further promotion, taking pride in his gun and in his detachment, saying on one occasion when it was suggested to him that he accept a higher place, "No, I have fought with these boys and I will stay with them to the end," and he did.

This Battery was in service mainly with the Western Army, taking part in Bragg's campaign in Kentucky, then at Vicksburg until its fall; in the battle of Lookout Mountain and the different battles in the campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta; thence with Hood into Tennessee; in the engagement at Franklin, the bloodiest battle of the war; and at Columbia and Nashville.

From the latter place it started to join the reorganized army in North Carolina, but was captured on its way at Salisbury by General Stoneman, with his sixteen thousand Cavalry, on April 13, 1865, four days after the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox. Mr. Connor, with 45 members of his company and about fifteen hundred other soldiers captured at the same time, was marched across the mountains to Jonesboro, Tennessee, where he was placed on the train and carried to Camp Chase near Columbus, Ohio. Here he, with twelve others out of about 3500 prisoners, refused to take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, notwithstanding the fact that General Lee had already surrendered. He vowed he would wait until he was thoroughly satisfied that the last hope of the Confederacy was gone. He was at last paroled June 13, 1865.—*School Helper.*

"MUTE" SPEAK IN COURT

John Strong, George Murray and James O'Connor, beggars who had been operating on Green Street with cards stating that one was a mute, another cripped and the third deaf, were semt to jail when arraigned before Police Justice Brady yesterday morning.

Strong, when arraigned on the charge that he had been passing as a mute, declared in a loud voice that he was guilty.

His sudden ability to speak so surprised the judge that he sent Strong to the penitentiary for sixty days, while Murray was given thirty days, and O'Connor twenty days.—*Albany Press, Oct. 30.*

MASSACHUSETTS.

A surprise party was given to Mr. and Mrs. Louis Jacques, of Southbridge, Mass., last Saturday evening. Many deaf friends and other relatives of Mr. Jacques were represented.

Deaf friends names as follows: John Haggerty; Arno Klopfer, of Holyoke., Laura Hackett and Chas. Leno, of Springfield; Anaclet Mercier, of Chicopee Falls; Thomas Kane, Mara Kane, Margaret Kane, Nell Powers, Mary Condon, Jim Mullaney, Helen Head, Arthur Anderson of Worcester; Emma Stewart and Bessie Currie of Clinton; Bertha Scott of Webster. A fountain pen and a watch fob with a N. F. S. D. button, were given to Mr. Jacques.

Games were played, among which was whist, Prizes were awarded to the winners. Refresment, were served.

Bessie Scott sang a song in signs.

Arno Klopfer discussed the Combined System, and a New Home for Aged Deaf.

John Haggerty related some stories.

A surprise party was given to Bessie Currie, of Clinton, Mass., October 19th. Numerous deaf friends and her relatives were present. A signet ring was awarded to her.

A dance was held at Windsor Hall, Holyoke, October 19th, by the Quiet Athletic Club. A large crowd of people were there enjoying the dances. Some deaf Frats are members.

Some Frat members of Holyoke Division, No. 26, will go to Boston on the eve of Thanksgiving, November 27th, for a dance under the auspices of Boston Division, No. 35.

John Haggerty, of Holyoke, met with an awful accident in the Bookbinding Co., Springfield, October 4th, losing his left hand just above the wrist. He was confined to Wessen Hospital. Many people in Holyoke are planning a benefit dance for him late in December. A free hall, music and printing have been secured. Harry Haggerty, a brother of John, and Arno Klopfer, will manage the dance.

A HOLYOKE FRAT.

George S. Porter Honored

New Jersey State Gazette, October 28.

Last Saturday evening at Still's famous restaurant, in New York City, at a banquet for which covers were laid for thirty guets, George Sidney Porter, instructor in printiag and photo engraving at the New Jersey State School for the Deaf, was presened with a gold-lined sterling silver loving cup, in honor of his fiftieth birthday. Besides the guests present, there were contibutors who sent messages of good will from the Gallaudet Club, of Philadelphia; the League of Elect Surds, of New York; the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, and the members of the class of '84. of which Mr. Porter was valedictorian, at the Fanwood school.

Among those who responded to toasts were John P. Walker, principal of the school here, and Mr. Porter's superior. Mr. Walker told the guests how tireless Mr. Porter was in his efforts to make the deaf boys successful printers, and how he himself had misgivings when Mr. Porter asked for an appropriation of $3,500 for a Mergenthaler linotype machine. Mr. Walker feared the intricacies of the machine would prove too vast for a person unable to hear, but Mr. Porter's boys, now out in the world, have made good as machine operators in every instance. There was a great deal of interest in the address of Miles Sweeney, of the *Sunday Advertiser* force, and Wesley Breese, of the Fivers printing concern, of Middletown, N. Y., both deaf boys who learned their trade under Mr. Porter's tuition and have emphatically made good.

Enoch Henry Currier, now Principal of the New York Institution for the Deaf, the foremost military school for the deaf in the world, who was at one time Mr. Porter's teacher, addressed the assemblage as follows:

"Mr. Toastmaster and Friends:

"You have just had an opportunity of seeing the guest of the evening as he appears to-day. Will you look backward with me to the 13th of November, 1872, when a small boy of 10 years of age, with flaxen hair and light blue eyes, was brought as a pupil to the New York Institution. He passed through the various vicissitudes of school life, developed into a promising young man, and in June, 1884, in a class composed of Bingham, Capelli, Lounsbury, Sullivan and Thomas, graduated.

"Porter was the valedictorian of his class.

Lounsbury delivered an easay on 'Technical Education and Its Value' His career in life has indicated that he has followed the advice which he therein gave.

Thomas spoke on 'Ambition.'

"Capelli spoke on "The Antiquity of Man,' beginning with Adam and Eve and coming down to the class that was just on the point off graduation.

"Sullivan spoke on Modern painters," and ventured the prophecy that our own Ballin would be the peer of any of the artists that he had mentioned.

"The theme of the valedictory was, 'The Results of Small Beginnings' and from that valedictory I venture to quote:

"Let us resolve that our lives shall be upright, that we will be honest to ourselves and to others, that we will never perform any act that will stain the good name of our *Alma Mater*. Let us always stand up for her and try to be living representatives who shall glorify her name. Whatever station in life we may follow, let our motto be, 'In good or ill, be faithful still. Seek your reward on high. Let *Deo, Non Fortuna*, be through life your battle cry.'

"That the sentiments uttered by the young graduate so many years ago have borne their fruit, we can all bear witness. Porter has the courage of his convictions.

"I congratulate him most heartly, and wish for him another fifty years of successful life."

Edwin Allan Hodgson, editor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, was among the other speakers. The deaf people present at the banquet were representative and successful men—chemists, artists, engravers, etc.—and three of them were men who had succeeded so well in the printing business that they own their own establishments. Mrs. Porter, who is also an instructor at the School for the Deaf, was entertained by women friends at the Hippodrome, and at a private dinner at the same place afterward, and was thus enabled to meet the guests who had assembled in her husband's honor.

The Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf.

Religious services of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf, held every Friday evening, at the Temple Emanu-El, 43d Street and 5th Ave.

BROOKLYN BRANCH.

Services at the Temple, Putnam Avenue, between Reid and Stuyvesant, every Sunday afternoon at 3 P. M. All are welcome.

REV. DR. B. A. ELZAS,
Minister.

FANWOOD.

Fifth public lecture, on "Around the World with the Atlantic Fleet," scenes in all ports visited and seas crossed on the greatest cruise ever taken by a battle fleet, illustrated with stereopticon views. was delivered by Mr. George E. T. Stevenson, of the United States Navy, on Thursday evening, October 31st, at 8:15 o'clock.

As usual, the lecturer was introduced to his audience by Principal Currier. With the aid of a large map of the world, the speaker pointed out the direct route of the fleet while encircling the globe. Mr. Stevenson is a chaplain of the Navy, and has served on the battleship Virginia from the time it was painted white until its present condition.

One of the most destructive features on the Virginia is the basket-like fighting masts with which all vessels of our navy are equipped. From this mast the wireless apparatus is operated, the range of the guns is determined, the signalling managed and the searchlights flashed.

If destroyed, the battleship might as well retire from the conflict. Seventy five percent of this mast must be shot away before it collapses

The armament of the Virginia consists of twelve 12-inch guns, with which her expert gunners are able to hit a target at 16,000 yards while steaming at full speed.

When the fleet left Hampton Roads in 1907, at the order of Roosevelt, who was then President, the voyage was predicted to be the greatest event of its kind in the history of the world

The lecturer showed a few pictures of the crew of the Virginia and its marines in military evolutions.

Comparatively few persons know who these marines are that are so frequently reported in the newspapers. Where do the marines go? What are their duties, their characteristics? How do they dress? It would be very interesting to hear the responses to all these questions, but Mr. Stevenson explained fully how marines serve on land and water.

Several weeks ago the citizens of New York were afforded an excellent opportunity to see the result of their investment in the navy as a branch of defense. The very ships that sailed around the world in 1907 were seen riding at anchor in front of the Institution, during the naval pageant, and Mr. Stevenson said that the pupils here had an excellent view of them.

The fleet visited all the islands belonging to the U. S., and when they reached Hawaii they were tendered a warm reception by the natives there.

In nearly all the countries that they stopped at, barbarous or civilized, some sort of pleasure was prepared to entertain Uncle Sam's blue jackets.

In Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, an Information Bureau for the American seamen was established, and every day that the sailors were in this great Brazilian city the lobby of the building was always crowded. Rio de Janeiro is the capital of that great republic and fronts a deep and spacious harbor, sheltered by hills on all sides. This port is near the richest coffee district of Brazil and is the largest coffee market in the world.

In Egypt we see the American sailors enjoying the sights on the backs of camels and donkeys.

In Melbourne, Australia, we find them parading through the streets. The buildings in Melbourne were beautifully decorated with Americ flags and festoons in honor of the occasion.

In China the sailors had a good opportunity of seeing how rice is being cultivated by the Chinese farmers.

The lecturer now proceeded on to tell of the Japanese empire. Japan consists of a chain of volcanic islands. The climate is very much like that of our Atlantic States, grading in warmth from north to south, but being influenced by the sea, it is milder.

In Japan education is compulsory and general. The manners and customs of the people are peculiar. There are few horses; carriages, called jinrikishas, drawn by men, are in general use. The fleet was reviewed by the emperor of Japan while she lay anchored off Tokio.

In New Zealand the troops were welcomed with much pomp and ceremony and did considerable sightseeing. New Zealand is a portion of a volcanic mountain range, projecting as islands above the sea level.

In Victoria the sailors were accorded a hearty welcome. Most of the public buildings in that large Australian city were tastefully decorated with American flags and banners. In front of one large building was a huge sign with "Hail Columbia" beautifully surrounded with American flags and bunting.

The governor and other high dignitaries of Australia were permitted to visit the fleet as she lay anchored in full dress in Australian waters.

In a comparative table of the strength of the principal navies of the world, based upon the tonnage of their battleships and cruisers, the U. S. stands second with a tonnage of 797,341, against Great Britain's 1,809,650 and Germany's 787,638. In the matter of fighting efficiency, however the United States must be accorded first place.

The trip across the Atlantic Ocean was a very pleasant one. The sailors experienced a few days of stormy weather and rough seas, but the trip as a whole was a very pleasant and instructive one.

The lecture was interpreted by Mr. Thomason and ended at 9:30 o'clock.

Next public lecture—"Our Friends, the Animals," by Mrs. Mary Searl Sage, on Thursday evening, November 7th, at 8:15 o'clock. Lecture will be illustrated by stereopticon views.

The baseball game played against the Broadway A. C. last Saturday afternoon resulted in a 12 to 2 victory for our boys. Moster was at his best during the game, and all that the visitors could get off him was two two-baggers and three singles. The day was a bit too cold for a ball game, but to show the Broadway boys how eager we were for victory, the game was played.

Haggerty, the renowned Broadway A. C. slab artist, was unable to work against his visitors and so W. Breen took his place. Breen was batted all over the field for eighteen safe hits, and his brother E. Breen, was called upon to save the day in the last inning, but it was too late as we were far away in the lead. The score: —

BROADWAY	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Euell, c. 2b	3	0	0	5	1	1
Breen, E., 3b p	4	0	1	1	0	1
Thomas, 1b	4	0	2	5	0	0
Haggerty, ss	0	1	0	0	3	0
O'Brien, cf	4	0	1	3	1	0
Peyton, lf	3	1	0	1	0	0
Schwerger, 2b. c	3	0	0	0	0	1
Breen, W., p. 3b	3	0	1	3	3	0
Dumphy, rf	3	0	0	1	1	1
Total	27	2	5	19	9	4

FANWOOD	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Margraf, lf	4	2	2	0	0	0
Drake, 2b	3	3	2	6	3	0
Moster, 3b, p	5	1	3	0	4	0
Garrison, 1b. rf	1	1	1	3	1	1
Schultz, rf	3	1	1	1	0	0
Altenderfer, 3b, p	4	2	4	1	0	0
Nimmo, ss	2	1	1	1	3	1
Lux, c	5	0	3	9	3	0
Schnapp, rf, 1b	5	1	1	6	0	0
Goldstein, cf	3	0	0	0	0	1
Total	35	12	18	27	14	2

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
BROADWAY	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 2
FANWOOD	5	1	0	1	1	3	1	0	x	—12

Summaries: Two base hits—Altender fer, 2, Lux, Thomas, Moster, Schultz, E. Breen. Three base hits—Garrison, Nimmo. Stolen bases—Drake 2, Nimmo, Altenderfer, Haggerty 2, Margraf 2. Sacrifice hits—Nimmo 2, Goldstein, Haggerty, Drake. Base hits—off W. Breen, 18 in 7 innings; off E. Breen, none in 1 inning. First base on balls—Off W. Breen, 3; off Moster, 4; off E. Breen, 1. Struck out—by W. Breen, 6; by Moster, 7. Left on bases—Broadway, 4; Fanwood, 8. Double plays—Nimmo to Lux to Altenderfer; Moster to Drake to Schnapp; Dumphy to Schwerger. Hit by pitcher—W. Breen (Garrison). Wild pitch—W. Breen. Passed balls—Lux. Time of game—one hour and 58 minutes. Umpire—Mr. Van Tassell. Scorer—M. Rubin.

The following program, the first of the season, was given before the Fanwood Literary Association, by the members comprising the advanced Oral and Manual Classes, taught by Prof. Bjorlee and Dr. Fox respectively:

JOKES, by Lucille C. Lefi.

DEBATE, Resolved, "That Woman Ought to take part in the coming election." Affirmative—Alice Tracy and Harry Goldberg. Negative—Solla Gerschanek and Anna Klaus.

ESSAY, "Nero," by John J. O'Brien.

READING, "The Ancient Bow," by Walter E. Kadel.

READING, "A True Friend," by Sarah Treadwell.

DIALOGUE, "A Political Farce" by the class.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Uncle Sam.....J. J. O'Brien
WilliamH. Taft.....W. E. Kadel
Woodrow Wilson.....Solla Gerschanek
Theodore Roosevelt.....H. J. Goldberg
Suffragettes.....
Misses Alice Tracy, Lucille Lefi, Sarah Treadwell, Anna Klaus.
Poll Clerk.....Dr. Fox

The jokes given by Miss Lefi were of the most humorous kind and caused a great deal of laughter. The debate was hotly contested for twenty minutes, and the judges, Misses W. Makowski and Lena Herschleifer and Cadet Captain William G. Lux, had a difficult job in picking out the winning side. Finally the judges decided that the affirmative side had scored 70 points against the 47 scored by Miss Klaus and Solia Gerschanek of the negative side, and so the decision was given to Alice Tracy and Harry Goldberg.

The essay delivered by John J. O'Brien was both romantic and interesting. The other three readings, given by Miss Sarah Treadwell, and Messrs. Kadel and Gerschanek, were praiseworthy and each earned a considerable round of applause.

The cream of the program was the dialogue, entitled "A Political Farce," given by the whole class.

It was a comical play of one act and caused considerable giggling First, Mr. Taft, candidate for President, of the Republican Party, enters wearing a mask of an elephant. He discusses his reasons for wanting to be re-elected President, and states what he will do should he be elected again.

Mr. Wilson, representing the donkey of the Democratic Party, enters and says that he is very anxious to beat Taft and Roosevelt in the coming election on Tuesday.

The candidate of the Bull Moose Party, "Teddy," walks in proudly and begins to boast about himself and the other members of his party. After he finishes talking four young lady suffragetes enter with painted ribbons around their waists reading "Votes for women, Down with the Trust." etc.

Uncle Sam then makes his appearance, and after a few remarks he asks all the pupils who are in favor of Taft to rise, and they are counted by the poll clerk, Dr. Fox.

Those who are in favor of Wilson rise next, and are soon followed by the supporters of Theodore Roosevelt.

The results of the straw vote ran as follows:—Roosevelt 111, Taft 51, Wilson 35.

Uncle Sam then takes the floor again and congratulates the newly-elected President. Mr. Roosevelt is congratulated by Wilson and Taft, but the suffragettes refuse to take him by the hand, because he does not permit women to vote. The curtain then goes down.

After the progam, Dr. Fox ascended the platform and commended the class for the excellent showing it made. The costumes worn by the would-be actors represented the three political parties—Bull Moose, Elephant and Donkey. Dr. Fox then gave the topics of the week, after which the Association adjourned at 8:45 o'clock.

Last Thursday afternoon the pupils were given a half holiday from their books, in order to allow the teachers to attend a Conference of Teachers of the National Association for the Study and Education of Exceptional Children, in the Auditorium of the College of the City of New York, at 139th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. During the afternoon the chief attraction was the double header between two teams, who went under the names of Curriers and Van Tassells.

In the first game Principal Currier saw his compatriots lick the Van Tassells by the score of 2 to 0. In the second game the Van Tassells turned the tables by walloping the Currier brigade by a score of 5 to 3.

The score of the first game:—

VAN TASSELLS.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Margraf, 3b	4	0	0	1	2	0
Schnapp, 1b	4	0	2	4	0	0
Haggerty, ss	4	0	2	2	1	0
Nimmo, p, c	4	0	3	7	2	0
Golden, c	3	0	0	2	0	0
Goldstein, c lf	3	0	0	6	2	0
Tabachnick, rf	2	0	1	0	0	0
Sabella, p	1	0	0	0	1	0
Rubin, cf	2	0	1	1	0	1
Golden, G., lf, rf	2	0	0	1	1	0
Total	29	0	9	24	9	1

CURRIERS	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Moster, p, ss	3	0	1	3	3	0
Garrison, 1b	4	0	3	8	2	0
Altenderfer, 3b	4	1	1	4	1	0
Lux, c	3	0	1	7	1	0
Drake, 2b	3	1	1	0	2	0
Schultz, ss, cf	3	0	1	0	2	0
Edwards, lf	3	0	1	3	0	0
Breden, cf	2	0	0	0	2	0
Rader, p, cf	1	0	0	1	2	0
Seigel, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Ham, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Total	28	2	9	27	15	0

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Van Tassells	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 0
Curriers	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	x	— 2

Summaries: Two base hits—Schnapp, Haggerty, Nimmo, Tabachnick, Lux. Three base hit—Altenderfer. Left on bases—Currier, 9; Van Tassell, 5. First base on balls—off Nimmo, 4; off Rader, 1. Struck out—by Nimmo, 6; by Sabella, 6; by Moster, 4; by Rader, 1. Stolen bases—Drake 1, Schultz 1, Edwards. Sacrifice hits—Drake. Base hits—off Nimmo 3 in 5 innings; off Raper 3 in 3 innings; off Sabella 4 in 4 innings; off Moster 6 in 6 innings. Hit by pitcher—Rader (C. Golden). Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes. Umpire—Mr. W. H. Van Tassell. Scorer—Harry Joseph Rothstein.

The second game lasted six innings, and then had to be called on account of darkness. The summaries and score of the second game:—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	
Curriers	0	1	2	0	0	0	—3
Van Tassells	0	0	0	0	0	5	—5

Summaries: Two base hits—Schultz Garrison, Lux, Margraf. Home run—Haggerty. Stolen bases—Schultz, Margraf, Nimmo, Tabachnick, C. G. Golden. Left on bases—Curriers, 3; Van Tassells, 6. First base on balls—off Rader, 4; off Haggerty, 5; off Moster, 1. Base hits—off Rader 3 in 5 innings; off Moster 3 in 1 inning. Hit by pitcher—Rader (Margraf). Time of game—One hour and ten minutes. Umpire—Mr Van Tassell and Mr. Robert Nimmo. Scorer—H. Rothstein.

The teachers again attended the Conference at the College of the City of New York on Friday morning and afternoon.

Prof. Jones continued on with his "English History" lecture, last Friday afternoon. Last week he spoke about the condition of the Britons after the Romans left the Island, and this week he continued on as far as Alfred's reign as King of England, and his defeat by the Danes or Northmen.

At the Sunday morning service Prof. Jones addressed the pupils with the following text: "If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small."

Prof. Bjorlee preached the afternoon service, using "But the greatest of these is friendship," as his text.

Dr. Charles A. Leale, Chairman of the Committee on Instruction, was a visitor on Sunday afternoon. He addressed the entire assemblage of pupils in the chapel just before Prof. Bjorlee began his sermon. Principal Currier interpreted his remarks into the sign language.

The first issue of the fourteenth volume of the *Little Printer* was published two weeks ago with a new editor, Nathan Schwartz, and a new publisher, Sandy J. Guinta. The *Little Printer* is the work done by two youthful printer apprentices, and from a typographical standpoint is a beautiful piece of work.

Kicking the pig skin is the latest arrival in the line of sports. During recreation hours the egg-shaped sphere can be seen floating through the atmosphere at a fast gait. The football belongs to James Pescia, a new pupil, who has been transferred from St. Joseph's Institution for the Deaf to this school.

Mr. Elmer E. Hannan, a talented deaf-mute sculptor, of Washington, D. C., was a visitor in the printing office last week, and had a very interesting conversation with Editor Hodgson. H. J. G.

ST. LOUIS BRIEFS.

An addition was recently made to the family of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Burgherr. It's a boy.

Mr. J. H. May sometime local reporter for JOURNAL, has gone to California to reside.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Brockmann are in Chicago and are housekeeping on Carter Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Turczek gave a cotton party the other evening to which they invited a number of relatives and friends.

The literary features of the October meeting of the Gallaudet Union were of unusual interest, especially the lecture by Miss Pearl Herdman and the reading by Mr. Henry Stumpfe.

The new season tickets issued by the Gallaudet Union admits members to all literary treats by local talent at one half the regular price. Since it is cheaper to take in all local features of the Gallaudet Union as a member, now is the time to join.

The first of the series of special readings on this year's calendar was given recently by Mr. Arthur O. Steidemann, in his usual clear and effective style, before an appreciative attendance.

The next reading of the Special Series will be by Mr. Lee Harrington on the evening of November 22d. Don't miss it.

Mrs. Ida Klegman has returned from a visit to Chicago and New York, or rather New York to Chicago. She entertained a number of her friends at a dinner given at her home, on the evening of November 2d.

The banns of the marriage of Mr. Arthur O. Steidemann and Miss Hazel Wasson have been announced. The ceremony will be at Christ Church Cathedral, on the evening of November 14th.

Mr. A. J. Rodenberger, who recently went to San Francisco, continues to send favorable reports of that wonderful place to his eastern friends. It is likely that Mrs. Rodenberger will join him there in a few weeks.

The Woman's Guild of St. Thomas Mission met at the residence of Mrs. A. N. Merrell, in Old Orchard, on the afternoon of November 2d. The meeting was well attended and plans for the semi-annual bazaar November 30th were outlined.

The November Social at St. Thomas Mission, on the evening of the 1st, was quite largely attended. Miss Clara L. Steidemann, assisted by Miss Annie M. Roper, planned and carried out an interesting and entertaining series of indoor pastimes.

Mr. J. C. Howard will be in St. Louis early in December for a lecture. Particulars later. Mr. Howard is no stranger in St. Louis, and besides is an interesting and entertaining lecturer.

Miss Helen C. Vail, recently promoted to the rank of supervising teacher at the New Jersey School and Mrs. Sara Small Temple, recently appointed head of the New Atlanta day school, both began their teaching careers at Gallaudet School here.

Notice to Albany and Troy.

At the instance of the National Association of the Deaf, circulars are being sent out broadcast soliciting among the deaf in general financial help toward raising a grand fund for the repair of the Gallaudet Monument, erected in 1854, at Hartford, Ct., being now in a much dilapidated condition. Dr. Thomas F. Fox, of New York City, is on the committee and has appealed to the deaf of Albany and Troy for help in such a public-spirited manner as they may be able to contribute for this purpose as much as their means allow. All contributions should be either sent to Matthew J. Kendrick, 121 Grand Street, Albany, or Clarence A. Boxley, 2255 Sixth Avenue, Troy. They will be gratefully acknowledged and accurately reported to Dr. Fox, Chairman.

It will be a great shock to the many friends and admirers of William McKinney, the great steeplechase rider of a few years ago, to learn that he has been struck deaf and dumb. At the present time, McKinney is under the care of the leading physicians and specialists in Montreal, who consider the case one of the most startling and interesting in many years.

In a letter to the writer, McKinney says he intends to go to Toronto to have an operation performed if he obtains no relief in Montreal.

The physicians held out hope to the game little fellow that he may recover his hearing and speech, but say that it will not be for some time. In the meantime McKinney has to carry on all conversation in writing.

When McKinney rode in the East he was considered to have no equal in travelling over the sticks. When the sport shut down here "Bullboy," as he was called went to Canada, where he rode with varying success.—*Ex.*

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Memorial Sunday, as the Sunday nearest All Saints Day is designated at St. Ann's Church, was solemnly observed, November 3d. A large congregation was present and thoroughly enjoyed the inspiring service and sermon. Dr. Chamberlain took for his text: Ephesians 1:10. "Unto a dispensation of the fulness of the times, to sum up all things in Christ, the things in the heavens, and the things upon the earth." In explaining the meaning and purpose of All Saints Day, Dr. Chamberlain emphasized the relation of the Church of Christ on earth and the Church above. Those who have gone before are members of the invisible Church, while we who linger here are in close fellowship with them. Christ is the head of the church. Membership on earth is but a preparation for the fuller membership in the church above. It was a most interesting subject, and our venerable Vicar handled it in masterly style, his delivery at all times clear, graceful and forcible. Toward the end of his discourse, the names of those of the congregation who had died during the year were read, and the great benefactors, Gallaudets, Peets, and others, were remembered. The choir rendered most gracefully several hymns, and the responsive parts of the service. The flowers on the altar were, after the service, distributed among the sick.

The Brooklyn Guild did itself proud, Hallowe'en, when over a hundred packed the assembly room of St. Mark's Chapel. Good old fashioned games were indulged in, bobbing for apples, apple-race fortune telling, etc. The affair was highly successful, and the members feel greatly encouraged and are now planning for their Christmas Festival. Mr. Adolph Berg, as chairman, William G. Gilbert and Ehrich Berg, with the valuable assistance of Misses Caddy and Anderson, had charge of the arrangements.

On October 19th, Mr. and Mrs. John McCarthy celebrated the 15th anniversary of their wedding. Mrs. M. McCarthy, who was Margaret A. Donoho, attended Fanwood School; her husband, the Westchester School. They were the recipients of many beautiful presents. From her mother, six cut glass berry dishes; Mr. and Mrs. John Donoho, cut glass celery tray; Mr. and Mrs. Patrick, china dinner set; Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Donoho, six cut glass cream set; Mr. William Netterwald, two dresden vases; Mr. and Mrs Joe. Changnon, six sauce and ice-cream set. Mr. and Mrs. Prinsing, glass butter dish; Mr. and Mrs. Leah Frey, two glass cruets, Miss Carrie Keitel, two large cake trays; Mr. and Mrs. Pepper, two glass flower vases; Bertha Changnon glass Bon-Bon dish; Mr. and Mrs. Bennie Elkin, two cups; Mr. and Mrs. G. Brauer, one pitcher; Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, milk glass, and berry set, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O'Hare, and two children, eight cut glass water set; Mrs. F. Redegeld; Miss Rosie Richford; Miss Matilda Hitz, fancy glass dish; Miss Katie Schaefer, fancy, Bon-Bon dish. Teddy bear prize won by Mr. Goldstein, two fancy pencils, and won by Mrs. Amanda Donoho, fancy jar. Wedding followed by song and dance from Mr. Thomas Farrell. Mr. George Braun was as usual full of fun an laughter. Mr. Netherwald played violin to the accompaniment of Mr. and Mrs. O'Hare. Mr. John Donoho sang have pity on a poor married man. Wedding closed with a lovely buffet supper cooked by the bride and her mother. The guests had such a lovely time, they hope Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy will live long and prosper.

A big attendance was on hand at the November meeting of Brooklyn Division No. 23, of the N. F. S. D. Various business was transacted. Nominations of officers were in order; the results will be announced in December next. Brooklyn Division donated $5.00 from the treasury, and the members contributed $5.00, making $10.00 in all, which goes towards swelling the Funds for Repairing the Gallaudet Monument at Hartford, Conn. The latest additions of new members to Brooklyn Division are H. H. Henriques, Joseph Klein, Henry Plapinger, David Miller, Chas. R. Pickruhl, Gerson Taube, Jacob Lovitch, Isidore Lovitch, Joseph Zeiss, Ascher Baschen, Samuel Schwartz, Herman Plapinger, Arthur Hall Jaffray, of Toronto, Canada; Wm. M. Smith, Henry Chas. Zink, Harry A. Slater, George John Parlour and Wm. Klein, of Buffalo; Willis H. Denson, of Corning, N. Y.; and Francis Clifford Peterson, of Rochester, N. Y.

Nearly all the members will be on hand to participate in the festival of a huge Beef Steak Dinner, to be held at the Huguenot's, in St. George, S. I., on Saturday night, November 9th.

The next affair will be the fifth Anniversary Masquerade and Fancy Dress Ball, on January 25, 1913, at the same brilliant hall, in Brooklyn. Tickets are out.

Friday evening services of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf are now being conducted regularly each week in the spacious Assembly Room of Temple Emanu-El, 43d Street corner 5th Avenue. The place has been recently renovated and beautified to a remarkable degree, and it is a pity that many of the deaf do not avail themselves of the advantages which these Friday evening services offer. Dr. Elzas' sermons are very broad-minded, forceful and bristling with vitality. During the past few weeks he has discoursed in eloquent style on such topics as "The Brotherhood of Man," "The Cause and Cure of Tuberculosis," and "Poverty and Philanthropy." A cordial welcome is extended to all. Services start at 8:30 P.M. each Friday.

Won't you take a $2,000 trip "Through Europe with the Camera?" Impossible, did we hear you say?

Well, come to Horton's Hall, 142 West 125th Street, at 8 o'clock on Saturday evening, December 7th, where Mr. Samuel Frankenheim (that Silent Traveller and Explorer) will relate to you in our own sign-language "as she is spoke," the wonders he has seen and met. And in substantiation thereof he will depict before your wondrous gaze the cream of some nine hundred photographs he personally took, which will be shown through a stereopticon machine.

Tickets for the 27th Anniversary Entertainment and Ball of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League on Saturday evening, January 4th, 1913 have just come right hot off the press. They are fifty cents each and can be secured from any member or by addressing the committee. For more particulars please read the advertisement on last page.

A fine nine-pound girl blessed the Gunmer domicile at Morgan Park, Ill., on the afternoon of October 28th. She will be named Annie Augusta Both mother and baby are fine and the father is delighted.

At his residence, in the evening of Tuesday, November 5th, Rev. John Chamberlain united Mr. Samuel Cox and Miss Mabel Pearce in the holy bonds of matrimony. The witnesses were Miss Nora Pearce and a brother of the groom.

MANLIUS, N. Y.

On Sunday, the 27th inst., Mr. and Mrs. Fred Foster, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Keller and Nellie Rogers, all of Syracuse, and Mr. Crozier, of Tronto, Canada, took the one hour suburban Trolley ride to Manlius and paid Mr. and Mrs. Edward Murphy a call. They all were delighted with the view of the town, and the places where Mr. and Mrs. Murphy took them.

Manlius is a pretty country town with hills on three sides, having beautiful spots as we often see in the moving picture theatres, such as glens with falls, green velvety groves, small dams, and streams with weeping trees along both besides where the Indians go canoeing.

General Verbeck's residence is on the side across from St. John Military Academy ground, and can be seen from the trolleys that pass by the side. Both the residence and the gardens are of Southern styles and are very beautiful. Gen. Verbeck was on the ground, talking with the officers of the Academy when we stopped there. Mr. J. Keller asked him about Rev. Dantzer's son, Freddie, and learned that the son had left there last summer. Reaching the Suburban Park (Edwards Falls) we went down the rough path along the stream We had to laugh at the way of saving ourselves from slipping down the cliff and walking on the narrow plank over the stream. After we reached the foot of the falls and had seen the whole view, we went up the one-hundred-foot stairway.

When we returned to the house, Mr. Murphy took the gentlemen to see the founderies where he works. They found the location just as pleasant. These foundries are not situated on such common plain places as we see elsewhere, vines grow over some walls. The working men enjoy the same view of the country, the trees and the stream that flows along between the foundries.

Before the callers departed for home a nice supper was served, of which the gentlemen contributed fruits, candies and nuts. They declared it worth coming here.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Murphy spent the day at their grandma's home in Syracuse, and returned home about 8 o'clock in the evening.

A friend of ours didn't speak to his wife for a year because he didn't wish to interrupt her.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

To aid the Archbishop Ryan Memorial Institute for the Education of the Deaf, it was decided at last night's meeting of the Philadelphia Chapter Knights of Columbus to donate to the cause the entire proceeds from the annual reception and reunion which will be held in the Academy of Music November 25.

Within the next few days the institute, which has just taken possession of its permanent home at No. 1803 Vine street, will be ready to enter upon its prescribed work, and the property which has been undergoing extensive changes, will be ready to accommodate the 50 pupils, which have already made application to enter the institution.

Since the founding of the memorial several months ago the institute has had temporary quarters at No. 1817 Vine street, which was used principally for the enrollment of pupils. The Sisters of St. Joseph are in charge of the institution.

The new property while large imposing, is not at all adapted to the needs of a large Institution, because of the fewness of its rooms, and as the number of scholars increase it will be necessary to build additional school rooms in the lot at the rear.

The premises is one of the old historic houses of the neighborhood having been occupied for many years by Seymour Runn. It was purchased several years ago by the Archbishop of Philadelphia in trust for the archdiocese. Archbishop Prendergast, at the organization of the Ryan Memorial, offered the use of the property for the institute.

The institute is at present supported entirely by the archdiocese, and all contributions solicited for the memorial fund will be devoted to the purchase or erection of a large building. The maintenance of the institute devolves upon the treasury of the archdiocese. Of the proposed fund of $250,000 more than $100,000 has already been pledged, and the Holy Name Societies have promised to subscribe one dollar per man for the next three years.

James J. Ryan, president of the memorial fund, has sent out ten 100,000 circulars asking donations for the fund and he feels confident that within the next six months the fund will be completed.—*Phila. Record.*

All Souls' Guild Hall was almost filled to overflowing on Saturday evening, 2d of November, in expectancy for a light-hearted time, being the occasion of the Funny Story Contest under the auspices of the Delaware County Local Branch. Not only the attendance was larger than expected, but the event was very successful and enjoyable. The proceeds from admissions will be donated to All Souls' Parish Building Fund as a grateful contribution for the frequent use of the hall by the Branch. There were three cash prizes for the three funniest stories, donated by Messers. H J. Haight, William McKinney, Mrs. V. Simone and Miss Ethel Partington. Mr. Charles Partington, the energetic President of the Branch, presided. He appointed Messrs J. S. Reider, J. A. McIlvaine, Jr., Daniel Paul, and Mesdames Dantzer and Rodgers, the judges of the contest. Owing to the number of contestants, their turn to recite was decided by lot, and the only stipulation was that the stories be brief or not to occupy more than ten minutes of time. The names and order of the contestants was as follows: Thomas Breen, James T. Young, Joseph S. Rodgers, Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders, Mrs. M. J. Syle, Robert E. Underwood, Alexander McGhee, Mrs. Persis I. Bowden, Mr. Boileau, Mr. Robinson, Chas. W. Waterhouse, William McKinney, James Gilmore, Abram Frantz, Frank L. Feighan, Edwin Nies, Arthur Fowler, Geo. T. Sanders, John A. Roach, S. G. Davidson, Andrew Leitch and Rev. C. O. Dantzer.

The judges then retired and, after finishing their deliberations, announced the following awards through Mr. J. A. McIlvaine, Jr.

First prize—S. G. Davidson; second prize—Edwin W. Nies; third prize—Mrs. M. J. Syle.

When Mr. McIlvaine announced Mr. Davidson as the winner of the first prize, the latter rose up and declared that he told the funniest story, whereupon Mr. McIlvaine claimed the prize from him. This repartee created a laugh at Mr. Davidson's expense, who did not know then what sort of a prize he won. When he received a two-dollar note, he pocketed it, saying he would give it to his wife.

Mr. Nies, profiting by Mr. Davidson's experience, took his money and said nothing. Mrs. Syle, the third winner, took her prize in great ecstasy and immediately handed it over to Rev. Mr. Dantzer for the Parish Building Fund.

As each speaker was limited to one story, several wished to be heard again after the awards, but the time was so late that only a few were given the privilege.

The first of November was All Saints Day, but, rather than preach on the significance of the day to a few persons on Friday evening, the Rev. Mr. Dantzer postponed its observance to Sunday when more people could be benefited. As was expected there was a good attendance at the Sunday service and the sermon was on the Saints a beautiful inspiring and helpful discourse. Towards the close of the sermon the Pastor introduced an innovation, by asking the people to stand while he named in order those deaf members of All Souls' and a few others who have passed away during the past year, and then closing with a prayer. This silent show of respect to departed friends was much more touching than it may appear described in print here.

Mrs. Sallie Blade, mother of Mrs. D'Autrechy, died on the 25th of October. Our sympathy is extended.

Mrs. D. H. Boland changed her mind, at the request of friends, and remained in Philadelphia a week longer than she had intended. Mrs. Syle and others have been entertaining her She has now gone to Carlisle, Pa., to visit with the Spahr family.

A surprise party was tendered to Spencer Large, at his home, 274 Main St., Doylestown, Pa., on the occasion of his birthday anniversary. Among those present were the following Mrs. J. Detweiler, of Hatfield, Pa., Mrs. Frank Schuster, of Gloucester, N. Y., Mr. Wm. Cooke, of Gloucester, N. Y., Mr. Wm. King, of Easton, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ormrod, of Phila., Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Clenmer, of North Wales, and Mrs. J. Wesmer, of North Wales.

Miss Jeannette King, the former choir leader of All Souls' Church, who left Philadelphia a little over a year ago in hopes of benefitting her health by the change, has returned and looks so changed in avoirdupois as to be hardly recognized by her friends. She has secured a position at the Mt. Airy Institution again.

The annual election of officers of the Beth Israel Association of the Deaf, took place last Sunday afternoon, November 3d, with the following result: President, Louis Lovitt; Vice-President, Henry Blanckensee; Secretary, William Klein; Treasurer, Edward Metzel; Sergeant-at Arms, Frank Burnstein. On the 17th of November, the Association will celebrate its fifth anniversary. Mr. Louis A. Cohen, of New York, is expected to address the Association on this occasion. The Social Committee will make other arrangements for a celebration. The Committee is composed of Mrs. Helen Wilson, Misses Sarah and Siema Silnutzer, Sadie Pollock and Sarah Greenblatt.

Through the generosity of Mr. William Gerstley, the Hebrew Sunday School Society was enabled last season to open a school for the Jewish pupils of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf at Mt Airy.

This school has reopened for the fall session. There are additional pupils and the school had to move to new quarters at 7200 Germantown Avenue. Miss Rosenbach and Mrs. Solis Cohen visited the school last Sunday—*Jewish Exponent.*

The engagement of Miss Sarah Greenblatt to Mr. Harry Schapiro was announced on September 23d last. In honor of it the latter's parents gave a party some time ago.

Mr. D. Ellis Lit has gone to Europe to join his father and be his companion while abroad. His father is ill and sent for him.

Do not forget the illustrated lecture on France and the World's Congress of the Deaf, by Mr. H. J. Haight at All Souls' Hall next Saturday evening, November 9th. It will be under the auspices of the Philadelphia Local Branch and for the benefit of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf.

All Souls' kept open-house at its hall on Hallowe'en. A pleasant evening was spent and refreshments were passed around.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer appointed Mr. James T. Young clerk, and Mr. Charles H. Sharrar collector of the Bible School, last Sunday. Mr. R. E. Underwood, who has served faithfully as clerk for the past few years, asked to be relieved, hence the change.

Mr. Charles Partington, formerly of England, will cast his first vote in this Presidential election. His son, Harold, is also qualified to vote now.

Mr. Joseph Eskin and Mr. Nathan Schwartz (the latter a deaf-mute) jointly opened a wholesale and retail fruit and produce store, at the N. E. corner of Fifth and Mt. Vernon Sts., on November 1st. Mr. Schwartz would like his deaf friends to call at his store and give him a trial.

A fine new passenger station is soon to be built for the Philadelphia & Reading Railway, at the northeast corner of ninth and Spring Garden Sts. It is to cost $50,000. On the opposite side of the tracks at this place has been erected a tall office building by the Railway Company, part of which is used as the station on that side. The new station will be a big improvement, and it comes just as All Souls' Church is to leave the neighborhood.

You can be a married man many times, but a bachelor only once.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.

Nov. 2, 1912.—It seems that the forcible ejection from a factory, where he was trying to sell court-plasters for living under the guise of being deaf and, dumb had no effect on the fellow we spoke of in last issue of the JOURNAL. He plied his game again elsewhere, with the result that he was soon in the toils. He was caught by Mr. W. H. Winans of the Associated Charities last Friday, and next day brought up before Judge Levine. When questioned, he replied: "Honest to goodness Judge I'm deaf and dumb. My wife and child are sick. I had to do something to support them, so I sold court-plaster in office buildings." The man went under the name of Robert Elliott, his real name being Frank Burke.

Mr. David Friedman was called down to the Judges office, and after questioning the man by finger and sign talk pronounced the man a pure fake, and the Judge was inclined to let the offender off on a vagrancy charge. The man claimed also that he had attended the school here. His case was continued till Monday. The Judge believed the fellow was really deaf, so skillfully had he played the game, and he could not give him a stiff sentence, unless it could be shown that the man *could speak.* Meanwhile the C. A. D got busy, the telegraph was employed to ascertain if Burke had attended school here. He had not, Mr. Adelson, who had ejected him from his factory, was brought to the court with other witnesses Monday morning, when the case came up, and as a last resort Mrs. Elliott, the prisoner's wife, was placed on the witness stand, when questioned the latter said: "He is not a mute; I am not ill, and we have no children." She also claimed that she had tried to persuade him to earn a living differently. Elliott than regained his voice, and confessed that he found it an easy way to make a living by playing the deaf and dumb dodge.

The judge imposed a fine of $100 and costs, and to give him time to reflect and repent of the evil of his way, added a month's stay in the work house.

A wedding, in the near future, is to be solemnized in this city and in their honor, Saturday afternoon and evening last, a shower was given the groom and bride to be, Mr. Joseph Neutzling and Miss Drusilla Buchanan, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George B. Clum, up at Clintonville. The affair was gotten up by Mrs. Clum, Miss Lamson, Miss Zell, and Mr. Zell. Until dark games were indulged in outdoors, among them throwing peanuts with a spoon into an empty pumpkin. Every body had a trial at it. Miss Greener was the best in placing the most therein and secured a prize. Meanwhile, the men of the party brought from the house a-big sized package, and while Mr. Neutzling was taking his turn at the game, caused him to stop and get busy unwrapping the aforesaid package. He found therein a variety of ware that will be of service later on.

At dark the company entered the house and got busy deciphering 12 characters, placed about the room, each, with one exception, made up of an apple with eyes, mouth, nose and ears cut, nicked up on it. The exception was "Humpty Dumpty," composed of an egg, and was about the hardest to make out.

Some of the other characters were "Old King Cole," "Santa Claus," "Puss in boots," Yankee Doodle." The rooms were trimmed in Hallowe'en custom. Lunch time was announced, and when the curtain was withdrawn, it revealed the table, loaded with good things and prettily decorated. The guests of honor led the way to the table, and as they entered a pumpkin pie with the word "Bride" across its center greeted them.

The order was, "Help Yourself," and every one taking a plate, obeyed the mandate and partook of ham sandwiches, pork and beans, pickles, cheese, doughnuts, pie and coffee, and did ample justice too. After the meal, an English walnut was given each person and told to open it, instead of a kernel, a slip of paper was found within with a writing thereon, foretelling good or bad fortune to the holder thereof. The curious thing about the slip, was that it was blank, but on being held over heat, the writing became dark sufficiently to be made out. It had been written in milk. Next came frolics around a big bonfire out in the yard, such as dancing and games, in which all took part, while the fire raged and the sparks did fly. Marshmallows and chestnuts were distributed and roasted in the coals, and apple-eating served in the place of cider. It was a happy crowd of thirty or more, and a jolly time it had indeed.

Most of the time at the Advance Society's meeting, Tuesday evening, was taken up by Mr. McGregor, with an account of his European trip last summer, and it was a treat all enjoyed. Mr. Showalter was appointed to act in conjunction with members of other societies in raising money for the repair of the Hartford Gallaudet Statue on December 10th. Several articles were ordered for the cottage at the Home, and Mr. McGregor was tendered a vote of thanks for his interesting talk.

The High Class boys and girls gave a masquerade, Saturday evening, in the girls' recreation hall. The costumes were various, some pretty, some ugly, and some hideous. Some of the members clubbed together and purchased a number of articles, to be given as prizes. The lucky ones were: The most handsome—Edward Hetzel as a minister, cuff buttons and scarf pin; 2d prize, Frank Neal, necktie; ugliest—1st prize, Alva Cowden, folding drinking cup; 2d prize, Allen Chaokin, box of tooth-powder and brush holder; most mysterious—1st prize, Fred Ufheil, pearl knife; 2d prize, John Woudrack, scarf-pin; most marvellous—1st prize, Walter Redmond, box of candy; 2d prize, Nathan Herrick, box of candy. The girl winners were Alice Nesbitt, "butterfly" box of candy; Agnes Wilson, pincushion; Agnes Wilson, jabot; Agnes Kinsel, as the unknown, box of candy; Anna King as a funny girl, nail file.

A meeting of the Benevolent Society of the Catholic Deaf was held at the Epiphany Church in Pittsburg, Pa., on the 20th ult, and detailed plans were formulated by Mr. Peter Gillooly, to have the society changed to the Knights of De l'Epee. It will be known as the Pittsburg Council No. 9, with the ladies of the De l'Epee taken in. Mr. Gillooly has determined to make the society the most successful of its kind in Western Pennsylvania. The Catholic deaf from Ohio, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania, are cordially invited to attend a reception given by Council No. 9, at the De Paul Institution, Brookline, on November 20th.

On Thanksgiving evening, November 27th, a social will be held at Arnfeld Hall, at which games and dancing will be the feature. Prizes will be given to the lucky winners. An orchestra will be on hand to furnish music, and refreshments will be served. Tickets thereto will be twenty-five cents.

Wm. P. Thurman now employed in the National Sign Company, of Dayton, surprised his friends here Saturday evening. His presence was unknown to any one here, except himself until time for the removal of masks came, when he revealed himself. He says he has a good job in Dayton, and intends to stick to it.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Klotz, of Bowling Green, Ohio, were visitors here, Sunday. Mr. Klotz is a florist, and his hands indicate that he is not afraid of the business.

Mr. and Mrs. Deavers, of Urbana, were here a couple of days with friends, and looked in upon the masquerade party, Saturday evening.

John Schelusta and Phillip Schwartz, of Toledo, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Tussing, of Canal Winchester, were among the Sunday visitors here.

Mr. McGregor will give "A Tour Through Europe" in Cincinnati, on the evening of November 9th, under the auspices of the Anderson Club, for the benefit of the Ohio Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf. It will be given in the Sunday School room of St. Paul's Church, corner 7th and Plume Streets.

On the evening of the 23d inst., he speaks in Cleveland. Pittsburg wants him, and Canton, also.

The C. A. D. Hallowe'en Social last Saturday evening, at Goodrich House, was a fine affair. The costumes worn were mostly of the comical kind. A number of amusements followed, including a fish-pond. Prizes were awarded to the winners of contests. There were over fifty in attendance and the Society realized quite a sum from the affair.

Supt. Jones has seen that the pupils shall have plenty of apples during the winter, and this week laid in two hundred bushels of the Roman beauty variety. They are stored in the bindery building.

Everybody saw it to-day hereabouts—"The Beautiful"—*i.e.*, snow, however, not enough came down to cover the earth, or rather it melted as soon as it lit.

Jacob Vogelhund closed his fishing season last week and is proud of the record made. He began in April, and going to the reservoir when occasion permitted which did not average more than twice a month, rather less. Here is his catch: Seventeen carp and 318 of other fish. Of course he did not eat all he caught, but rather distributed his fish among his friends, that gave him more employment than the eating.

Mr. John Kraus, who has been employed in the Boyer Restaurant for a year or more was thrown out of work this week by the failure of the concern. Poor business was the cause. We hope John will secure another place soon. A. B. G.

Even though a man doesn't like living in the suburbs, he gets a certain amount of pleasure in explaining to his friends that he moved out there to please his wife.

BOSTON.

The Annual Hallowe'en Party, in aid of the Home for the Aged Deaf, on the 26th of October, was a fair success. The receipts from auction of vegetables and fruits, owing to the small exhibit shown, did not come up to expectations. After deducting all expenses a little over $23 was realized.

An unusually large crowd greeted Rev. Mr. Hefflon, at the St. Andrews Silent Mission, on the 27th of October, it being Communion Sunday, and a good many had to stand through the service with one good result. They were given, a larger and more comfortable room, for their future service, located one flight up. Needless to say the members appreciate the change, after years of patience, in thier former dark and small quarters.

Lyman C. Hunt, Director of the Industrial Bureau of the National Association of the Deaf, contemplates making a trip through New England, in the interest of the Fair, which is to be held in Cleveland in 1913. Frank W. Bigelow has charge of the arrangements of the Boston end. It is expected Mr. Hunt will be here about the middle of January.

John O'Rourke, P. J. Thibodeau, Edwin Fisher, Mrs. George Holmes, Miss Nora Egan, Mrs. Lottie Clarke and Miss Fannie Phillа, were chosen a committee, after the service on the 27th, at the Silent Mission, to make arrangements and solicit funds for repairs to the Gallaudet Monument, at Hartford, Ct. A social is proposed for December 10th.

Frank E. Bigelow, William J. Rudolph, John Butler, George Holmes, and Eldridge A. Bellington, some of the best known, and most respected, deaf, were admitted as honorary members of Boston Division 35, N. F. S. D.

Timothy Keough is laid up with an ingrowing on his heel, caused by an injury sustained in a football game some years ago. It is seldom one gets the better of Tim, who is something of a humorist. A red-haired begging agent, hoping to sell some of his wares to our friend, began benevolently this way, "Were you born deaf and dumb?" Tim eyed the agent from head to foot for a moment and tearfully wrote down his answer, "Were you born red haired?" The red agent subsided and disappeared.

Albert Small, of Stony Brook, met with a painful accident lately. While crossing the railroad track, near his home, after one train had passed, he was struck by the locomotive of another train, coming the opposite direction, and had three ribs broken. Luckily for him, the train was going slowly, or the result would have been more disastrous. We understand that some aid would not be amiss in his case, as he is in poor circumstances.

Mrs. Isaac Blanchard, after a prolonged and enjoyable visit at her sister's in Concord, N. H., is home in Somerville again.

The many friends of Mrs. Edwin Frisbee will be pleased to learn she has so far recovered from her long illness, to be able to be out again. She attended the service at St. Andrews on the 3d.

William A. Hamilton is now employed as a press feeder, in one of the downtown printing establishments, he having left his position in the Chelsea Shoe Factory. He first learned the printing business in the office of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Enthusiastic were the reports of progress made by the Committee in charge of the arrangements for the coming Dance and Social on the 27th, given by Boston Division, No. 35, N. F. S. D. Besides dancing, a varied programe of amusements, for which sixteen prizes are offered, is being arranged. A feature will be a contest of a comical nature, between Frats from Holyoke and the Boston Division.

D. McG. C.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 3525 N. Nineteenth Street.

Services every Sunday at 2:30 P.M.
(Except during July and August, 10:30 P.M.)
Holy Communion—First Sunday of the month.
Bible Class—Immediately after services.
Clerc Literary Association meets every Thursday, after 7:30 o'clock.

Boston, Mass., St. Andrew's Silent Misson.

Trinity Church Parish House, Boylson and Clarendon Streets.

Service every Sunday, at 10:45 A.M.
Holy Communion, fourth Sundays of the month. Rev. G. H. Hefflon, of Hartford, Ct.
Providence. R. I., Grace Church, Second Sundays, at 3 P.M.
Worcester, Mass., All Saints' Church, fourth Sundays, at 3:30 P.M.
Services in Lynn, Haverhill, and other places, by appointment.

E. W. FRISBEE,
Lay-reader.

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

THE CHIPMUNK.

John Burroughs declares that he isn't too old to learn something new every time he takes the trouble to pay close attention to even the old phases of nature. There's the chipmunk, for instance. Like many other men who remember boyhood days, Burroughs considers the chipmunk an old acquaintance. But that doesn't alter the fact that he has just found out a whole lot of new things about the little fellow.

"I had frequently noticed a fresh pile of earth on the grass near a stone fence or in the orchard or at the edge of the woods," he says in Country Life in America. "Usually there were several pecks of new earth carefully put down on the ground without any visible clew as to where it came from. But a search in the grass or leaves usually discloses its source—a little round hole neatly cut through the turf.

"I came upon ten such mounds on a single farm, and in every case the hole was from one to six feet from the pile of earth. In every case also the hole had been dug far underground and several pecks of fresh earth removed to a distance of a few feet without the least speck of soil or trace of footprints near the entrance.

"All this half bushel of earth, the chipmunk must have carried out in his cheek pockets and he must have made hundreds of trips between the hole and the dump. Yet if he had flown like a bird, he could not have left less trace on the turf. And if he had cut through the turf with the auger, he could not have made a neater job.

"It was hard to believe that the delver did not come up from below and have a back door from whence he carried the soil some yards away. Indeed, I have heard this theory stated. 'Look under the pile of earth,' said a friend who was with me and who had observed the work of the pocket gopher in the West, 'and you will find the back door there.' But it was not so. I carefully removed four piles of earth and dug away the turf beneath them, and no hole was to be found.

"One day we found a pile of earth in a meadow, and near it a hole less than two inches deep, showing where the chipmunk had begun to dig and had struck a stone; then he went a foot or more up the hill, and this time was successful in penetrating the soil. This was conclusive proof that these round holes are cut from above and was not below, as we often see in the case of the woodchuck hole. The squirrel apparently gnaws through the turf instead of digging through, and carries away the loosened material in his mouth, never dropping or scattering a grain of it. The absence of anything like a trail or beaten way from the mound of earth to a hole, or anything suggesting passing feet.

I understood when later in the season, day after day, I saw a chipmunk carrying supplies into his den. Which was in the turf by the roadside about ten feet from a stone wall. He covered the distance by a series of short jumps apparently striking each time upon his toes between the spears of grass and leaving no marks whatever by which his course could be traced. This was also his manner of leaving the hole.

"There was a mystery about some of the holes that was absolutely baffling to me. In at least three mounds of fresh earth I found freshly dug stones that I could not by any manipulation get back into which they seemed to have come. They were all covered with fresh earth and were in the pile of soil with many smaller stones.

"It was a physical impossibility for the stones to have come out of the holes from whence the mound of earth and the lesser stones evidently came, yet how came they in the earth, freshly earth stained.

The matter stood thus with me for several weeks; I was up against a little problem in natural history that I could not solve.

"Late in November I visited the scene of the squirrel holes again and at last got the key to the mystery; the cunning little delver cuts a groove in one side of the hole just large enough to let the stone through, then packs it full of soil again.

When I made my November visit it had been snowing and raining and freezing and thawing and the top of the ground was getting soft. A red squirrel had visited the hole in the orchard where two of the largest stones were found in the pile of earth and had apparently tried to force his way into the chipmunk's den. In doing so he had loosened the earth in the groove, softened by the rains, and it had dropped out.

The groove was large enough for me to admit my finger in and just adequate to admit the stones into the hole.

"This then was the way the little engineer solved the problem, and I experienced a sense of relief that I had solved mine. I visited the second hole where the large stone was in the pile of earth and found that the same thing had happened there. A red squirrel, bent on plunder, had been trying to break in and had removed the soil in the groove.

"To settle the point as to whether or not the chipmunk has a back door, which in nocase had I been able to find, we dug out the one by the roadside whose mound of earth we could not discover. We followed his tortuous course through the soil three or four feet rom the entrance and nearly three feet beneath the surface, where we found him in his chamber, warm in his nest of leaves, but not asleep. He had no back door.

"He came out (it was a male) as a hand was thrust into his chamber and the same fearless, strong hand seized him, but did not hurt him. His chamber was spacious enough to hold about four quarts of winter stores and leave him considerable room to stir about in. His supplies consisted of the seeds of the wild buckwheat and chokecherry pits and formed a very unpromising looking mess. His buckwheat did not seem to have been properly cured, for much of it was moldy, but it had been carefully cleaned, every kernel of it.

"There were nearly four quarts of seeds altogether, and one-half of them was wild buckwheat. I was curious to know approximately the number of these seeds he had gathered and shucked. I first found the number it took to fill a lady's thimble, and then the number of thimblefuls it took to fill a cup, and so reached the number in the two quarts and found that it amounted to the surprising figure of 250,000.

"Think of the amount of patient labor required to clean 250,000 of the small seeds of the wild buckwheat. The grains are hardly one-third the size of those of the cultivated kind and are jet black when the husk is removed. Probably every seed was husked with those deft little hands and teeth, as it was gathered before it went into his cheek pockets, but what a task it must have been!

"Poor little hermit, it seemed pathetic to find him facing the coming winter there with such inferior stuff in his granary. Not a nut, not a kernel of corn or wheat. Why he had not availed himself of the oats that grew just over the fence I should like to know. Of course the wild buckwheat must have been more to his liking. How many hazardous trips along fence and into the brush his shares represented! The wild creatures all live in as savage a country as did our ancestors and the enemy of each is lying in wait for them at nearly every turn.

"Digging the little fellow out of course brought ruin upon his house, and our human hearts promised us to do all we could to give the provident little creature a fresh start. We put his supplies carefully down beside the stone wall into which he had disappeared on being liberated, and the next day he had carried a large part of them away. He evidently began at once to hustle, and I trust he found or made a new retreat from the winter before it was too late.

"I doubt if the chipmunk ever really hibernates; the hibernating animals do not lay up winter stores but he no doubt indulges in many very long before dinner and after dinner naps. It is blackest night there in his den three feet under the ground and this lasts about four months, or until the premonitions of coming spring reach him in March and call him forth."—*Utica Press.*

HINTS TO THE HANDICAPPED.

Grow up as fast as you can. Cultivate the widest interest you can, and cherish all your friends. Cultivate some artistic talent, for you will find it the most durable of satisfactions, and perhaps one of the surest means of livelihood as well. Achievement is, of course, on the knees of the gods; but you will at least have the thrill of trial, and, after all, not to try is to fail. Taking your disabilities for granted, and assuming constantly that they are being taken for granted, make your social intercourse as broad and as constant as possible. Do not take the world too seriously, nor let too many social conventions oppress you. Keep sweet your sense of humor, and above all do not let any morbid feelings of inferiority creep into your soul. You will find yourself sensitive enough to the sympathy of others, and if you do not find persons who like you and are willing to meet you more than half way, it will be because you have let your disability narrow your vision and shrink up your soul. It will be really your own fault, and not that of your circumstances. In a word, keep looking outward; look out eagerly for those things that interest you, for persons who will interest you and be friends with you, for new interests and for opportunities to express yourself.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

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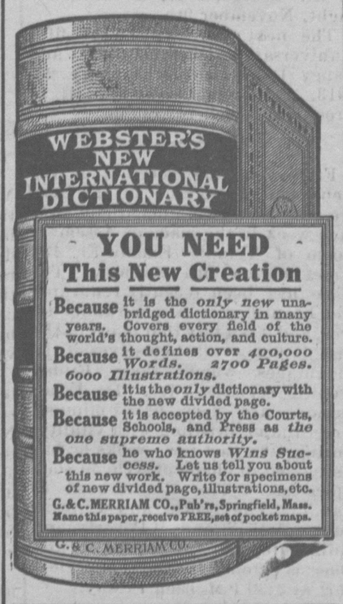
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